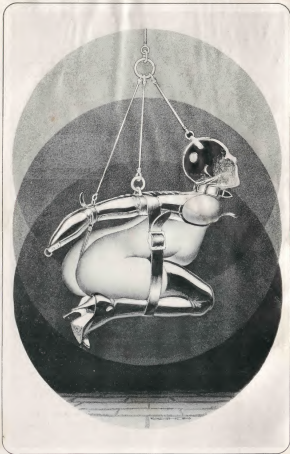


\$3.50

ARROGANT AMAZON vs. BONDAGE BURGLAR



COLLECTOR'S SERIES — ADULTS ONLY



CHAPTER ONE

Myrna Gentry was statuesquely beautiful, and even men whose vanity made them resent a female far taller than themselves could not help staring after her longingly when she walked down the street. Five feet eleven and a half inches in height, with coppery-red hair set in a fluffy bob with curls straying over part of her high-arching forehead, she invariably wore a coolly aloof, amused smile as she perceived the all too obvious gawking after her.

At twenty-three, she was still a virgin, primarily because most men seemed callow and transparent to her; to fancy herself in the embrace of some stranger who lecherously ogled her magnificent body and to call it love was unthinkable. Her parents had been wealthy co-owners of a cosmetics firm which, just before her father's death when she had turned eighteen, he had sold to a national firm which had long considered him a dangerous business rival and tried to hire him away. Her mother died a year later, and so Myrna's sizable inheritance was put in trust and a grayhaired, portly banker, Jason Murfree, named executor. Because the legacy was almost eight hundred thousand dollars, her father, an oldfashioned man who believed women to be helpless, indecisive creatures, had made a will stipulating that Myrna was to have a certain amount doled out each year and not come into the full trust till she was twenty-five, by which time he hoped she would be married and sensible.

To be sure, the knowledge that she was independently wealthy had much to do with the svelte Amazon's haughty self-assurance and her penchant for putting down men. In high school, she had doubtfully accepted one or two dates, only to find that her escort immediately wanted to run his hand under her skirt or squeeze her stunning tight-spaced pearshaped firm breasts, which even in her adolescence needed no bra to sustain their bold resilience. At college, though the approach was more subtle, the end result proved to be the same, and Myrna's dexterity and strength aided her in forcibly rejecting too strenuous a pass. Thus by the time

she was graduated, she had a low opinion of the male animal to begin with.

Her parents had left her a house on Chicago's elegant Sheridan Road, and after graduation, she had gone into social work, since she was not concerned with the problem of earning a living and wanted an activity which would be absorbing as well as uplifting to her aim at contributing to a worthy cause. Unfortunately, her innate selfishness and snobbery ended this in three short months; forced to interview people at the lowest end of the economic balance scale and discovering that even a male from the slums would make verbal passes at her, she antagonized many of the clients as well as the personnel with her authoritative attitude.

Finally, after a few months, she accepted the post of clerking in a charity sales shop established by some wealthy and socially prominent North Side women; the money obtained from the sale of castoff clothes, bric-a-brac and furniture discarded by the rich went to useful charities, and this she could reconcile with her desire to be a kind of Lady Bountiful to the unfortunates of this world without, of course, having to come into contact with them.

On the other hand, the eligible bachelors belonging to the society set from whom the organizers of this charity shop were drawn soon "discovered" the tall stately haughty redhead and several of them made plans to overcome her diffidence to the male. Polished, worldly and experienced with women, two or three of them skillfully managed to get her to accept a date. Dinner at a swanky restaurant, then a play or a first-run film, artful conversation, followed but no physical infringement on Myrna's by now embattled virginity. Two of these men especially, willing to wage a patient campaign if it finally meant stripping that glorious body naked and enjoying it zestfully, pursued her. One was Ken Adams, a towheaded genial playboy who had a token job in his father's advertising agency; the other was Dudley Severnson, a blackhaired, suave roke of 35, who had inherited his father's drug store chain and, turning over the business to a handpicked manager, devoted most of his time

to adding to his list of sexual conquests.

Inevitably, Myrna discovered Ken's and Dudley's real intentions with her, and scathingly told each off, going so far as to slap Dudley's handsome, dissipated face and vehemently declaring, "You men are all alike! You think just because you want to go to bed with a girl, she has to swoon away at the flattery. Well, in my book you're a conceited, insufferable and parasitical creep, Dudley Severnson. Go back to your little stenos and manicurists, they'll appreciate the honor you want to do them. But keep away from me, or—I'll sock you, understand?"

Just a week ago, Myrna had visited the First Central Bank to confer with her administrative trustee named in her father's will, Jason Murfree. Impulsively, she had decided that perhaps settling down in Spain or France where she could live like a great lady would get her away from all the tasteless and inept male attention which had been foisted on her. But Murfree informed her that the trust was unshakable, her father's will equally loophole-proof and that he would not advance all the money till two years had elapsed as per the will.

Seated a distance away was Jack Brandon, Murfree's nephew, his mother being the banker's sister. Thirty, half an inch shorter than Myrna, with curly brown hair, sturdily built, straight nose, intense blue eyes, the thin lips of an ascetic, Jack had seen Myrna several times before and admired her. As he waited to see his uncle, puffing at a cigarette, he contemplated her now with appraising glance, taking in the sculptured beauty of her long legs; she wore tan-hued nylons and open-toe sandals with modest 2½-inch heels, and a knee-length plaid skirt which emphasized the elegance of her long willowy thighs. Her calves, sleek, high-set and sinuous, were marvellously mobile; she had crossed her legs and was impatiently twisting her upraised right sandalled foot, with a petulant frown on her exquisite face. He detailed her now, noting the widely spaced green eyes with thick short lashes, the arching thin pencilled brows, the aguliline nose with thin, very widely flaring wings, the firm, determined chin with an adorable, deep cleft, and most of all



Illustration by [illegible]

the insolent mouth with its riper upper lip—a telltale sign of her arrogance.

When she at last rose with a shrug of impatience, her brows arched in an irritated frown, he stared avidly at the marvellous sculptured poise of her tall, lithe body: the deeply hollowed back, the sudden dramatic and lubricious jut of compact, tightspaced ovalshaped buttocks. He had already observed the pale-creamy tinting of her skin, speckled with rosy dots, a true and exciting characteristic of the born redhead, and he could not help feeling an aching surge of lust in his loins.

After she had left, he went over to his uncle and said, "You seemed to have annoyed her, Uncle Jason."

"It's mutual, I assure you, Jack. Damn it all, she's unreasonable. Pampered and spoiled, knows she has all that money, doesn't need it because the interest alone is enough to live comfortably every year, but no, she wants to move to Europe and hoard it. Says she's disgusted with the shallowness of people—especially the opposite sex."

"I thought that would come up, Uncle Jason," Jack Brandon grinned.

"If I were her uncle instead of yours, I'd have tried to discipline her long before this. What that young lady needs is a good oldfashioned over-the-lap spanking, if you ask me."

"I heartily concur—but that's not all she needs. Perhaps—who knows—she'll get her comeuppance one of these days," Jack Brandon said slowly.





CHAPTER TWO

Jack Brandon, besides being the nephew of Jason Murfree, employed in his uncle's bank as an assistant in charge of loans, was a superb poker player and had, on his last vacation, parlayed a thousand dollars into forty thousand in a private game with some of the city's wealthiest men. Nor was it the first time he had been so fortunate with the cards; over five years, he had banked close to \$200,000, and part of it he had used to buy an old house, Gothic red-brick in style, with a spacious cellar which he had outfitted much in the manner of a medieval punishment dungeon. For, if truth be known, he was an avid devotee of bondage and discipline, having been thus swayed in his erotic leanings since his college days, when an impertinent senior sorority girl had made a laughing stock of him, and he had repaid her by tying her wrists behind her back, blindfolding her, then pulling her knees back to her bosom and using a buckling strap to bind them thus, while he hoisted skirt and petticoat and lowered her pantybriefs, telling her she would remain thus till she of her own accord begged for a spanking for her ungracious mockery of him. Celestine, horrified at first by his summary treatment of her, had found herself visited by singular masochistic feelings as she lay on the couch of his apartment living room thus shamefully exposed and lewdly displayed with her bare bottom upturned and the plump pink cleft of her womanhood so lewdly accessible. Finally, she had tearfully and falteringly asked for the spanking, been given a voluptuous chastisement, his hand caressing her bottom and thighs and pussy between slaps, till at its end, she pantingly begged him to ease her tensions and take her—which he did.

Some five years later, having met an opulent 30-year-old brownhaired divorcee at a party his uncle was giving, Corinne Chalmers, he took a further step in his training to be a dominator of the haughty female. Corinne had two dates with him, and then coyly put on a holier-than-thou act when he tried to kiss her and fondle her big round closely spaced breasts. Blandly, he invited her over to his apartment the

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next night, telling her he had a serious proposal to make her; Corinne, expecting marriage, unsuspectingly kept the date. Once inside, he immediately bound her wrists behind her back, connected a cord from that fettering to her slim ankles, so that she knelt before him, breasts thrust boldly out. When she began to cry out, he applied a pear gag with a buckling strap at her neck, then hoisted her blue miniskirt and furled a cord round it to keep it above her waist, and lingeringly rolled down her coquettish lace-trimmed blue satin panties. Then, taking a cord, he wound it round the gathered sheaf of her thick light-brown hair and attached a heavy book at the other end, to force her to uptilt her agonized, tearstained face even more exaggeratedly.

"Now, Corinne," he had told her as he stripped down to his shorts and socks, "your coy little act of untouchable virgin didn't set well with me at all last night. Everybody knows you divorced your hubby to get his money and because he was so much older than you—probably couldn't take care of your bedtime needs either, could he? So you are going to be honest for a change, and tell me when you're ready to submit to your master. Just nod your head three times when you are, I'll remove the gag and the weight from your pretty hair."

With this, having brought back an ovalshaped hairbrush in his right hand and a narrow little handbrush from the washbasin with extremely stiff bristles held in his left, he knelt down to face the gasping, squirming, tortured mature brownette divorcee and, gloatingly patting her big plump deeply cleft carnation-sheened bottomcheeks with the flat back of the hairbrush, added, "I am going to aid you in making a decision, my dear Corinne. My theory is that a supposedly virtuous but actually sluttish female is heated from behind, she soon heats up in front. At least, we shall attempt to prove or disprove that theory tonight, shan't we, my dear?"

With this, drawing the hairbrush away from her flexing, tightening naked behind, he kept the divorcee in agonized suspense, all her muscles flinching to withstand the very first crisp intonation; as he hovered it without striking, he,



watching intently for just such a sign, delivered a sonorous spank across the deep cleft of both buttocks, crimsoning the plump inner edges of both luscious nether globes and drawing a frantic, startled and muffled cry of distress from the mature captive, who instinctively lunged forward; but in so doing, she pressed her sensitive gaping cunt right up against the stiff prickly bristles of the little handbrush. Recoiling with another startled, stifled cry, she was regaled with two stinging smacks of the hairbrush diagonally over the base of each sumptuous, resilient buttock; with a panting groan, she again lunged forward, adding to the painful traction on her scalp by the sudden jerky movements which made her down-pulled hair tug cruelly against her sensitive scalp as the heavy dictionary swung to and fro. And at the same time, the handbrush rubbed perniciously and slowly up and down over the palpitating crevice of her pinklipped mount of Venus.

"I have you now between two fires, I think, my dear Corinne," he chuckled, as he applied five more swift stinging spanks with the flat of the hairbrush all over her jutting naked rounded bottomglobes, making her swerve her ripely curvaceous hips in the most lascivious, uncontrollable way, while with his left hand he commenced a slow side-to-side rubbing of the bristles into her sensitized soft cunt.

Soon, not only agonized by the disconcerting throbbing of her well spanked posterior, but agitated emotionally by the incessant yet calculatedly lingering friction of the prickly bristles in front, Corinne, her body gleaming with torment-sweat, exerted all her muscles to manage to nod three times. Then, removing the gag and untying the end of the cord to let the dictionary drop, Jack Brandon demanded, "Now are you ready to act like a woman and not a teenaged teaser, Corinne?"

"Y—yes—ah—oooh, it hurts—" she whimpered.

"It will hurt much more when I continue—as I will if you don't at once call me master and humbly beg me to do whatever I wish to my new slavegirl, Corinne," he told her. And when she hesitated, sniffing and squirming, her muscles flaming with pain from the stressed, pinioned genuflecting pose, he applied several more hard smacks with the hairbrush

over the backs of her upper thighs, and rubbed the brush harshly against her already exacerbated quim.

"Aii—ahrr—oh stop, mercy—yes—yes—m—master—please do—do any—anything in the world you want to your st—slavegirl C—Corinne, only I beg you no more, please, master," she wailed, capitulating.

From that day forth she became his mistress, and only last year, when she timidly knelt down to beg his permission to allow her to marry someone with whom she had sincerely fallen in love, did he at last release her from the dominant and artistic bondage into which he had so ingeniously plunged her.

Content since then and having enjoyed Corinne's servile favors for nearly five years, Jack Brandon, in possession of the house with its secret subjugation chamber was even now contemplating taking himself a new slave—who would be both concubine and humble slavegirl to him.

He had in the past few minutes just chosen her—though Myrna Gentry had not the slightest inkling of so momentous decision that would affect her life henceforth and transform her from a proud embattled and *demi-vierge* Amazon into a concupiscent, masochistic, fervently adoring slave!



CHAPTER THREE

It was a week after Jack Brandon had first seen arrogant redhaired Myrna Gentry at his uncle's bank, and had already made his plans to subject her to bondage discipline. He sensed, even from his first appraisal of her, that for all her insolence and physical poise, she inwardly had the latent psyche of a slave, who, once shackled by a dominant master whom she could not flout or deride, would find masochistic pleasure in those shackles and accept her intended destiny as a beautiful slavegirl whose spoiled, selfish bearing represented the misdirected course of girlhood and young womanhood and presented all the more a tempting challenge to a master of bondage and subjugation like himself.

First, it was necessary to bring her unsuspectingly to his remodeled house, to be able to introduce her to the bondage devices and paraphernalia with which the spacious basement-dungeon had been so completely furnished. All his fantasies were embodied therein, but till now he had never had so tempting and desirable a female slave-candidate to experiment upon. Yet from his experiences with Celestine and Corinne, he felt unwaveringly sure of his ability to make magnificent Myrna bow her haughty head, make that rich vibrant contralto voice choke with sobs of shame and penitence and falter the formula of ritualistic submission: "Master, I am your obedient slave."

But since Myrna had almost made a scene at Jason Murfree's desk to acquire her inheritance in a lump sum, Jack decided to lure that as the lure to entice Myrna to his house. So, on Thursday evening, having obtained her telephone number from his uncle's files, he dialed her number and soon heard her affectationously haughty, throaty contralto: "This is Myrna Gentry speaking."

"Miss Gentry, I'm from the bank, calling on behalf of Mr. Murfree."

"Oh, yes! About my inheritance, is it? I'm glad he changed his mind, I knew he could if he only wanted to. Well, when do I get it?"



Very soon, you beautiful heartless selfish bitch, Jack smiled to himself. Aloud, he said, "You'll have to sign a paper authorizing his withdrawal of the funds, Miss Gentry. My name's Jack Brandon, I'm his nephew in charge of such matters. But you see, I'm leaving for Los Angeles tomorrow morning, so I wonder if it would be asking too much for you to come to my house this evening? That will give me a chance to have all the documents drawn up for you to sign, and then, on my way to the airport, I'll stop off at the bank, leave them with my uncle, and you should get yours by Monday at the latest." *And you will get yours, every bit that's coming to you, sweetheart,* Jack grinned to himself.

"Oh, that's wonderful!" she exhaled a happy sigh. "Of course, I'll be glad to come to your house—what's the address?" He told her, and she offered, "Would seven be all right?"

"Perfect, Miss Gentry. I'll have had my supper by then." *Yes, and primed to take you on and give you your first lesson in how to act in the presence of your future lord and master, you sultry sexy tall Amazonian redhead,* he thought with keen anticipation.

At seven, he was ready and waiting. He had put on a black skimask, through whose slits his cold blue eyes were seen, and his thin lips through another slit; he wore slacks, sneakers and polo shirt, and no underwear, to be free in his movements . . . and, when the propitious time came, to be able to liberate his manhood for the degrading but coercedly submissive homage Myrna Gentry would be obliged to pay it—or suffer the painful and distressingly shameful consequences!

The doorbell rang, and he flung open the door. Myrna, dressed in a floral print summery frock which left her beautiful long arms almost bare, in black nylons held up by white garterbelt tabs, and highheeled pumps, recoiled with a cry of startled alarm: "Ohh—who—oh my God—"

"Come in, Miss Gentry, I've been expecting you—ah, that's better!" for, as she tried to turn and flee, he had seized her by a wrist and yanked her inside, closing and locking the door behind him. Twisting her wrist in almost the same

movement, he forced the tall redhead to bend down on one knee, wincing with pain, and in the same calculated, unerring motion, drew a length of white clothesline from his slacks pocket with his other hand, then stooped to bind her wrists behind her back.

"Stop it! What are you doing? How dare you—oww—my wrists—you're hurting me—you lied to me—you'll go to jail for attacking me—"

"Correction, Myrna. I'm not attacking you, I'm preparing you for your first very badly needed lesson in humility," he chuckled.

"OHH! YOU—YOU!" she raged, unable to find words to voice her furious indignation, and attempted to rise.

"Stay as you are, it becomes you, Myrna," he shoved her down by the shoulders, his left hand gripping the scruff of her lovely neck. "Now, are you ready to acknowledge yourself my slave, and do you promise to obey your master?"

"OHH! YOU—YOU INSUFFERABLE BRUTE! YOU MUST BE INSANE! WILL YOU STOP THIS RIDICULOUS NONSENSE? UNTIE ME THIS INSTANT—OWWWWW—YOU—YOU S—STRUCK ME!"

For, calmly, with his right palm, he had applied a noisy stinging slap to her pale-creamy left cheek, leaving a flaming imprint, and Myrna Gentry, who had never before in all her young pampered existence, been subjected to as much as an unkind word, uttered a shriek of disbelief and tried wildly to rise.

"I see you'll need a good deal of education in your new occupation, Myrna dear," he mocked her, applying a second slap on her other cheek.

"You—you're insane—to treat me like this—oh, you just wait—oww!" she squealed as, plunging the fingers of his left hand into her bobbed coppery-red hair, he began to drag her towards the hallway and thence down the narrow stairway leading to the remodeled cellar—which was to be Myrna's subjugation chamber in which she would abdicate from her regal throne of lording it over the luckless male, and, instead, come to her knees piteously and pitentially to beg pardon for



her flouting of the rightful master of her spoiled flesh and psyche. And, to add insult to injury and to demean her even now as the prelude to his calculated conquest of this beautiful arrogant young Amazon, Jack Brandon applied from time to time stinging slaps with his open right palm against the jouncy globes of her virgin posterior, drawing cries of rage and baffled fury from the fuming, stupefied beauty, who, though outwardly acclaimed as a society debutante, was about to embark on a different debut altogether: one in which she would make her apprenticeship as a slave-candidate via bondage discipline to a skilled and tireless master!

CHAPTER FOUR

Arrived at the dungeon, which was separated from the functional part of this spacious cellar by a gray metal wall and heavy door to which only he had the key, he shoved her ignominiously to one side while he took the key out of his slacks pocket and unlocked the door. Myrna, with a cry of fury, kicked out at him, but he had anticipated it and moved to one side so that her sharp-toed pump only grazed his shin.

"You like to kick, you redhaired spitfire, do you?" he chuckled. "I'll see that you get every opportunity."

With this, taking her by the scruff of the neck, he forced her inside, and again, to her utter consternation, for no one in her wildest dreams had ever dared to lay such brazen hands on her or treat her so audaciously and disrespectfully, applied his right knee upwards to bump her sensitive virgin bottom and force her to stumble forward with a shrill cry of speechless mortification, her cheeks scarlet and tears of thwarted rage glistening in her beautiful large green eyes.

She caught her breath in horror at what she saw in this curious high-ceilinged chamber, enclosed completely by gray metal walls to make its dungeon-like aspect even more realistic.

There was a square vertical post with a horizontal peg on

each side; a towering punishment horse, which was a kind of upright wooden triangle coming to a sharp-ridged peak; against one side, a ladder. There was a Y-shaped frame set at a 45-degree angle against a solid round vertical post; elsewhere, pulleys with dangling ropes and chains; benches with buckling straps and stools with the same; from one wall, a panoply descended punishment devices like leather helmets with only airholes, cuirasses, boots, single-glove restraint devices and many other unfamiliar articles that made her shiver with an unknown apprehension.

"Now, you arrogant, spoiled heiress, I think the first thing is to silence you and let you have a foretaste, a sort of preview, of what you've had coming all these years."

Before she could even try to speak, he had stooped to a nearby desk, opened a drawer, taken out a curious pearshaped black rubber gag with buckling straps, and, despite her frantic struggles, had inserted it between her lips, making her cheeks bulge, buckling the straps at the back of her neck and contorting her face into a mask of almost brazenly sensual beauty—as if she had suddenly become a captive brought from another world, exotic and alluring, tempting and challenging.

"Much better than a simple handkerchief, don't you think, Myrna? No, you glare at me with those big angry green eyes? Hm, I think a pose of meditation would be excellent for about half an hour. First, however, let's see how pliable a figure you've got—and to do that, we'll need to rid you of that costly dress."

"MMMMMM! OUFFAHAHAHAHHHHFFF!" Myrna wailed frantically, jerking at her bonds. To no avail; expertly, ruthlessly, he stripped her down to garterbelt and nylons, pumps, panties and bra.

"I don't like a garterbelt; it leaves red marks on fine soft creamy skin. Let's try something that will make you even more of a sex object—which, Myrna dear, I'm sure you've always prided yourself on being—a teaser object, but this time, you'll be taught how to fulfill a promise, not renege on it!"

"Mmmf—ouu—ahh—mff!" If looks could have killed him,



Jack Brandon would have fallen lifeless at Myrma's feet.

But now, to her utter horror and stupefaction, he calmly ripped off the bra, and, as she frenziedly tried to wrench her bound wrists loose so as to hide her thus profaned naked virgin breasts, those luscious pearglobes quaked and jiggled, their dusky, crinkly nipples pointing out as if for a lover's caress.

Going to a chest, he opened it, drew out a punishment helmet of black leather, with a metal ring at the top—useful for attaching a pulley rope in traction of a victim—and shoulder-length black gloves.

Then, untying her wrists, he swiftly overpowered her new attempts to free herself, and forced those pale-creamy skinned sculptured arms into the tight, molding cuirass of leather, pulling up the gloves without wrinkle, so they seemed part of her very body and, by their black glossy luster, intensified the warmth of that creamy half nudity of hers. Her marvellous firm titties rose and fell violently, but he seemed not even to notice this exposure—and subtly, thus, by ignoring haughty Myrma Gentry, her intended despotic master forced her to reconsider him and to fear him—even though at the moment all she could feel for him was fury and indignation at the shameful brutality to which he had subjected her—and it was only the beginning of her education in tyrannical bondage subjugation!

For now, cording her gloved wrists together in front of her, he forced her kneel down over a square wooden block, like a headman's block, in such a way that her beautiful pearbreasts mashed against the surface of the wood. Then swiftly he corded her ankles together, and looped a rope round her bare bare, each end of which he tied to a metal ring set at each lowside of the block.

Then she was made to kneel, a genuflection which infuriated her selfish ego to the utmost, and at the same time, with naked breasts and gloved arms uncomfortably pressed against the edge and surface of the block, the rope biting into her bare back to teach her humility and captivity, she was given her first lesson in learning that her will and way were not to be acknowledged by this masked domineering.

male—and it left her in an aura of apprehensive suspense—the ideal state for a rebellious, insolent slave-candidate!

Now, he posed his sneaker-shod foot on her bare back, spurning her, mashing her panting titties against the block of shame and subjugation.

“MFMFMFM OUFF! AHHHHHHHHHHH! OUFFFAHAHAHMMGGGG!” Myra wailed against her gag, tears glistening in her dilated eyes to feel his heel force deeply, pitilessly, against her naked flesh, a symbol of his intended mastery of all her virgin charms!

CHAPTER FIVE

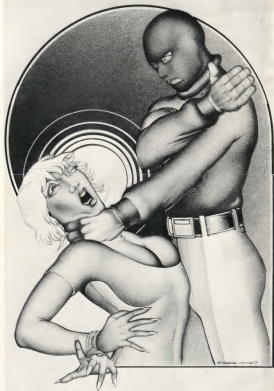
Myrna thought she was going to faint with shame and aching torment; half naked, kneeling, a rope round her back with its ends tied to the metal rings in the sides of the block, and feeling a man's foot spurn her naked flesh—it was ignominy she had not dreamed anyone would dare inflict on her.

“There,” Jack Brandon said exultantly, “now perhaps you're beginning to feel how inconsequential you are to a man, Myrna. That is the start of your transformation, and one, I may add, which has long been overdue.” He bore down with his sneaker-shod heel on her creamy naked back, and the horrified debutante groaned against her gag, not only from the pain of having her superb naked titties mashed ruthlessly down against the block, but even more at the humiliating debacle of her vaunted pride and ego before a masked stranger.

“Now, I think,” he pursued after a long agonizingly suspense-filled moment, removing his foot from her back, “what you needed from the very first moment I saw you, shall be inflicted. It is, I warn you, Myrna, a childish chastisement, and it is only a kind of preview of the more serious discipline I propose to give you.”

So saying, he untied the rope round her back, bent to grasp her by the armpits, and, lifting her up, seated himself

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on the block, only to pull her across his lap, still gagged, her hands corded in front of her, her slim nylon-sheathed ankles equally pinioned.

Then, to her consternation, she felt his fingers attack her garterbelt and unfasten it, then the stocking tabs, and let it drop to the floor. Now, taking out of his slacks pocket a pair of curious purple rosette garters which fixed together by a tiny chain and catch-lock sewn into the elastic foundation of the circlet, he unfastened each and in turn clamped it round Myrna's upper thigh, after first tugging up the black nylon stocking till it caressed her long shapely leg without wrinkle or flaw, and locked it.

"There," he pronounced, "you are attired exactly as an apprentice slavegirl should be for her master to initiate into the mysteries of bondage discipline!"

Lying bent over his lap, ankles and wrists bound, the peargag silencing her expostulations of shame and indignation and rage, the haughty socialite could only writhe and groan, not yet aware of what awaited her!

CHAPTER SIX

"Now, are you ready for your first good lesson, Myrna?" she heard him drawl, and then started convulsively to feel his hand rest on the crease between her bare bottomcheeks. Instantaneous reaction was to tighten her gluteal muscles to diminish the shadowy inlet to her second maidenhead and to clench her lovely long, ripeningly curvacious thighs so as to hide from his male eyes the provocative furry-framed pink cleft of her love cleft.

"Mffffm—ahahah—ouu—ammmmmffffghghghgh!" she wailed, writhing and trembling, twisting her contorted face back to see his ski-masked, grotesquely altered face loom above her.

The feel of his hand lingeringly pressed over her bare bottom's sinuous, intimate groove, gave Myrna Gentry the most intolerable feeling of being profaned and threatened in the most secret core of her vaunted virginity.



But an even more mortifying surprise awaited her.

His hand rose, hovered a few moments till, her nervousness heightened, she again looked back at him—then fell with a crisp intonation against the base of her left buttock—*SMACK!*

"Mmfff—shh—ouuuuumfffhghghgh!" she wailed, jerking and trying to kick her legs, to wriggle off his lap. But his left arm had already curved round her slim satiny bare waist and was immobilizing her to her shameful fate.

Crack! The second spank flattened the base of the right buttock; Myrna uttered a strangled, stifled cry of rage and shame, and with all her might tried to wrench free of his hold, but in vain.

Two bright pink splotches outlined his palm where it had made such audacious, unpardonable, mortifying impact with her virgin bottom.

"Your skin is sensitive and marks beautifully, slave. Let's continue the good work," he declared with a chuckle—and—*Smack-Crack*—two more stinging slaps visited her voluptuous naked posterior, one to each lower summit, making her stiffen, jerk, her hips convulsively swerving in her desperate attempt to evade this demeaning punishment.

His hand lingered on her naked behind where the fourth slap had fallen, and began to caress the palpitating, creamy flesh.

Wild with shame, the Amazonian redhead struggled over her unknown captor's lap; Jack Brandon by now was feeling rampantly virile, and no wonder: Myrna's lush longlegged, creamysheened nudity thus bound and gagged and helplessly, ignominiously posed across his lap and the sight of her congested, tearstained face with cheeks bulging from the pear gag and the pinions at slim ankles and her wrists which were tied in front of her to prevent her in any way from interposing them between her condemned, naked, upreared and lasciviously reddening behind and his corrective palm had been enough already to whet his dominant passion to subjugate her to the nth degree. And the wild, sporadic wriggings against his loins had inevitably procured the violently arousing reaction of his fully erect weapon. It was

sweet torture to control the urge to halt her long-devised and complicated bondage discipline here and now and enjoy her unwilling virginity: but as a bondage expert, Jack knew how much more thrilling was the pleasure of anticipating her reactions as his program of punishment for her would progress.

Her superb height made this posing across his lap even more suggestive; Myrna's head was near the floor, her pumptoes bore down on the floor from the other side, and the deep hollow of her beautifully sculptured back, the libidinous boldness of her tightspaced, spacious, firm oval bottom globes towards the intent, glittering gaze of his appreciative eyes, intoxicated him with this anticipation of mastering her into total servitude.

Meanwhile, infuriated by his fondling of her naked, squirming behind, Myrna Gentry desperately tried to fling herself off his lap, and all she accomplished was to thrill him as his left arm fitting round her warm satiny slim waist felt the delicious friction of her naked flesh, while her swerving, writhing bare hips let him taste the resilience and warmth of her smooth satiny skin with his right palm stroking the velvety cheeks of her contracting and shuddering bare bottom. Moans, inarticulate groans and sobbing threats against his outrageous usurpation of her person emanated from the rubber pear-gag, only augmenting his joy at having her so dominated and helpless.

His hand abruptly rose, fell vehemently, with a crisp intonation that sounded like a pistol shot; it flattened the plumpest inner curves of her bottom, right over the crease, and Myrna's head flung up, her eyes wild and glazing with tears as a shrill cry was wrenched from her muffled by the effective gag; on her lovely bottom, an angry, bright red splotch leaped up to testify to the vigor of that energetic spank.

"At last your sensitive flesh begins to feel something. I had thought for a time you were enjoying your chastisement, young lady," he mocked the writhing, helpless debutante. A second spank, even harder, decorated the upper right summit, and almost without pause he equalized the pattern on the



other cheek. Each time, Myrna's body stiffened, arched, then flattened, her legs tried to kick and loft, her pumps wagging till one fell off, and her stockinged toes clawed the air as his hand rested caressingly on the last place it had spanked and lingeringly stroked the palpitating, reddened bare flesh.

"Mfmfmf—ahhh—ouuuahahah—mffngngngngng!!" she moaned feverishly.

Now, tugging her closer to him with his pinioning and restraining left arm, and totally ignoring her cries first of rage, then pain and shame and real discomfort, Jack Brandon began to visit her upturned, squirming naked posterior with vigorous, stinging, noisy slaps, haphazardly landing them all over her behind so that the tortured heiress might have no chance to anticipate the next blow and thus intensify her resistance to the hot sting of the spanking. Thirty-five quickly administered spanks left her bottom in a furious crimsoned state, his method being to leap from the upper right summit, to the base of her left buttock, thence over the crease a little higher up, then two successive spanks to the ripest curve of the left buttock, so that the heat was augmented violently against her nervous system. Before fifteen of these, Myrna was crying like a little girl, far from being the haughtily insolent, poised socialite she had been when she had unwittingly entered this house of subjugation.

"There," he panted with a last vigorous spank that pressed down the inner edges of her buttocks just above the base and where the groove was sinuously broadened to expose the maddening glimpse of her thick-thatched soft pink-lipped Venus, "that will give you an idea of what you still have coming for being so argumentative and arrogant!"

"Mfmfmfmfmahahahouuuuuuuuu!!!" Myrna wailed feverishly at hearing this ominous threat; restlessly, her hips tossing, swerving, arching, lowering, writhing, the flaming oval globes set off all the more lewdly by the purple rosette garters he had affixed to her transparent, gauzy nylon hose and by the pale creamy purity of her beautifully hollowed back and upper thighs, she agitatedly moved over his lap, till his furiously aroused manhood rasped menacingly over her virgin loins.

Steeling himself, he ruthlessly shoved her off his lap, and Myrna ignominiously tumbled to the floor on her tender, burning bottom, emitting a yowl of pain as tears rivuleted down her contorted cheeks.

He squatted down before her, and put out his right hand towards her gagged mouth. "Show me you've learned some humility by pressing the peargag against your master's hand," he commanded.

"OHHHMFMFMFMFNGNGNGN! AHAHAHHOUUUU!" Myrna furiously rejected, eyes wide with horror, blurred with great hot tears.

He chuckled, and yanked a sprig of dark-red lovehair from the plump *mons veneris*; with a muffled yell, Myrna rolled over, presenting him with the entrancing sight of her blazing naked behind. Laughingly, he pinched her inflamed buttocks several times till feverish wails and squeals indicated she might be more disposed to obedience. Rolling her over to face him, he again held out his hand, and this time, the subdued, suffering naked heiress bobbed her head forward, the peargag brushed his hand.



CHAPTER SIX

"I think now you are ready to begin your education in bondage as an apprentice slave, young lady," Jack Brandon pronounced.

Myrna Gentry's emotions at hearing these words can hardly be described her naked bottom burning and throbbing to remind her of the humiliating experience she had just suffered at the hands of her ruthless, audacious captor, the awareness of her own female nakedness which was embellished and made even more lustfully appealing to a male by her outrageous "costume" of hose, pumps and rosettes, pinions and gag, had rendered her incapable of choate reasoning or speech.

She wept now, but not entirely for her fall from pedestalled invulnerability; the sting of her first and furious spanking had caused such a crisis of nerves and acute awareness of physical discomfort that most of her tears were drawn by that consciousness.

Now, removing the gag, he let her exhale her woes and complaints, but as she began wildly to denounce him and threaten him again with reprisals, he silenced her by fitting on the punishment helmet, which had holes only for her nostrils, covering head and face completely, blinding her as well as silencing her, since at the place of the mouth as a thick oblong rubber pad which forced itself between her lips. The helmet had a sturdy metal ring at its top, and now, lifting her and dragging her under a pulley rope, he fitted the end of it with a secure knot to the helmet ring. Then, untying her wrists only to pull a single-glove restraint device over her long lovely creamy arms almost to the shoulders, a glove with a ring in it like the helmet, he now attached a short thin but strong linked chain from helmet ring to glove ring; then, going to the wall, touching a lever, he hoisted her into the air; the frenzied scream of terror which the helmet all but suppressed made him shiver with ardent anticipation: decidedly, Myrna Gentry was far from being the overbearing heiress as when she entered his bondage house!



He would be Pygmalion to her Galatea, and turn her into the most servile slave, he had already determined.

Now, going to her and watching her try to kick and reach up for the pulley rope with her compressed, gloved arms, he dragged her arms behind her tightly, and looped a thick narrow leather strap round her thighs and calves, thus pulling up and doubling her beautiful long legs behind her, the strap engaging round the chain between helmet and glove and thus compressing her lithe longlegged body painfully. Head tilted up and back, her body shaped like a kind of S, she writhed in the air about three feet off the floor.

"Mfmfmfmahahahahmmffff!" she moaned pitifully, trying to speak to him, ready now to sue for mercy.

He divined this, but resisted the impulse to make her prove her newly, painfully acquired submission; no, Myrna was to undergo many ordeals till, ensuppled and submissive beyond her own wildest dreams, she would be ready to exist only to serve his merest whim! This, truly, was the credo, the very ethos, of bondage subjugation!

CHAPTER SEVEN

He let her endure this terrifying suspension, which at the same time tractioned and compressed all her muscles in the awkward, grotesque, straining pose for a full fifteen minutes, then let her down. But now she was to endure several successive ordeals which would enforce on her the awareness that her most vaunted femininity existed only to service his erotic sadism and urge to master and dominate her as a male over a helpless, enslaved female, and it would at the same time make her totally conscious of her lowly, profaned and usurped estate, so that slavery, when he deigned to inflict it on her, would be readily accepted as almost an eager boon to save her from further taxing martyrdoms!

With this in view, he carried her over to a square post near the center of this subjugation dungeon, seated her astride the saddle—of hard leather, and at once drew her slim ankles

down to two horizontal pegs, one fitting into each side of this post nearly at its base; cording her ankles tightly to the pegs, having first lowered a thin strong pulley rope to tie to the ring atop of the punishment helmet to balance her without the risk of falling, Jack Brandon next proceeded to draw off the single-glove restraint device and to fix her wrists to the same pegs to which her ankles were so snugly corded. Thus Myrna's body was salaciously posed, legs hugely spread by the uncomfortable leather saddle, gaping the pink cleft of her tempting virginity, and with her arms drawn back and down, her superb naked pearshaped tightly spaced titties projected out in the most exciting, taut way, till the dusky nipples seemed to stand out as if yearning for caresses.

"Mffahhahahh!" she moaned, miserably conscious of the exposure of her most intimate self, her shoulder, arm and leg muscles tortured by this pose, the saddle chafing her still burning naked buttocks.

Going to a nearby tabouret, Jack Brandon picked up a pair of manicure tweezers and a thin whippy whalebone switch, made from an old corset stay, and whisked it through the air as he slowly approached the straddled, distended creamy body of his captive.

"You are much too vulgarly adorned between your long lovely legs, my slave-girl-to-be," he declared, "so I propose to remedy that."

So saying, he reached his left hand out, applied the tweezer's jaws to a sprig of pussyhair and, even as she started convulsively with a wild moan of shame and fear, yanked it out. Myrna's body jerked frenziedly, but at once the switch in his right hand leaped out to flick across her left breast, just under the nipple. A raucous groan escaped the sufferer; her body again violently jerked, her titties jiggling lubriciously, while long flexions spasmed her beautiful long sleek thighs.

Slowly, deliberately, ignoring her muffled wails and shrieks, Jack Brandon depilated the naked heiress, till her mount resembled that of a baby's, hairless—save that the angry red chafing marks showed on the sensitive flesh of the crotch, and these were matched by the dozen or more bright pink thin streaks left by the whalebone switch as it

capriciously flicked over her belly, her naked breasts, her upper thighs, till her face was drenched with tears and her moans were unending.

"Now I think you are ready to be reserved in subjugation," he declared. By now, if he had only given her the chance to speak, Myrna Gentry would have tearfully avowed her readiness to do anything in the world he wanted if only he would stop; but even though he sensed this, the expert bondage master had resolved to follow his program to the—for Myrna!—bitter, agonizing end.

Accordingly, letting her down from the saddle, he doffed her pumps, fitted her with ankle-length heavy leather boots with rings set into the toepieces, and hung her by ceiling pulley cords head downwards, using the rings for tight knotting of the cords and finding them capable of bearing her weight. Next, he stood on a stool and lifted her torso up so that her head and shoulders were forced between her gaping knees; her arms were then pulled round behind her thighs and shackled to them.

Her wails and sobs were audible now through the punishment helmet; her spanked bottom, her depilated pussy and the whalebone switching of inner thighs, breasts and belly had left her feminine nervous system in chaotic disarray; she was no longer mistress of herself, but ready to abdicate at once from her enthroned superiority over the male—but he was not yet ready to accept her abdication!

CHAPTER EIGHT

Now, standing in front of her, smoking a cigarette as he appreciatively studied her beautiful Amazonian naked body in this lubricious pose, he picked up a little washbowl brush with stiff bristles, and playfully rasped it against her tender, exacerbated hairless pussy.

At the first rasp of the excoriating bristles Myrna lunged and writhed, but with her body contorted and bound and being suspended by the ceiling pulley fitted to her helmet ring, she was able only to sway a bit, but for his eyes the

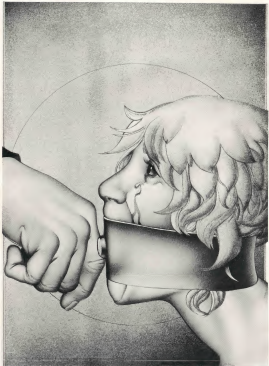
gratifying vision of her convulsive flexions and writhing spasms, especially along her straddled thighs and the angrily reddened cheeks of her well spanked behind, made this ritual especially delicious, and by now he was monstrously virile.

Again and again, between puffs at his cigarette, he rubbed the brush not only against her gaping pussy, but around the mount of love, and along the tender insides of her distended, shuddering thighs.

At last, tiring of this sport, and seeing that her body was bathed in torment-sweat, he declared as he let her down, "Now for half an hour you shall ride the penitence horse and meditate on your arrogance."

First, he fitted a leather cuirass-corset round her waist, leaving her with the helmet and ankle-boots. The horse, so called, was a tall elevated triangle of wood, reaching to a sharp narrow ridged peak at the top, about six feet in height. With a ladder set against one side, he carried her shuddering helpless naked body up and straddled her. The pulley rope was fitted and knotted round the helmet ring to balance her. Then, descending, he took twenty-pound weights and suspended them by snap-on chainlinks from the rings at her boots, thus dragging her long beautiful nylon-sheathed legs down to their full tractioned length and inevitably forcing her tender hairless and rasped pussy against the infernal ridge of this ingenious horse.

Now, taking a long narrow bamboo pole at one end of which a thick peacock feather was attached, he began to amuse himself by frigging Myrna's jutting, shuddering, panting naked breasts, fleeting the plume over her aureolae and nipples till these latter stiffened and darkened with the afflux of erogenous blood to their delicious virgin cores. At times, he lowered the feather to waft against her navel or her hairless pussy, and her involuntary starts and squirmings only forced her cruelly chafed pussy against the ridge of the punishment horse the more. Mewling wails and groans constantly escaped her; by now, Myrna Gentry was beyond words; she desperately prayed for the chance to speak to her tormentor and acknowledge her complete willingness to submit to him—yes, even if—even if it meant yielding her



prized maidenhead to his male lust! Thus masterfully he had gauged her psychic temperament, and Myrna was well on the pathway to complete bondage servitude!

He kept her a full half hour on the horse, and the glistening flesh of her belly and sides showed the sweat-torture to evidence her now failing endurance under pitiless ordeals.

"Now, Myrna, the last part of your training," he decreed.

As he lifted her off the horse, she moaned, trying to speak; the gag inside the helmet halted that—but he divined by now her desire.

Only, a slave's desire is never recognized; only the master's, and that was to be Myrna's final lesson!

CHAPTER NINE

He removed the boots and helmet, put back on her pumps.

"Oh—ah—my God—stop—anything—I'll do anything," she whimpered incoherently as he carried her unresisting, shuddering naked body—clad only in rosettes, nylons and pumps, towards a huge Y-frame . . . a whipping frame. It was set against a vertical post about 3½ feet high, so constructed that it could be tipped like a seesaw from one side to the other, or rested upright at a 45-degree angle. He placed her on this, swiftly and expertly cording her wrists and ankles; the legs were hugely straddled as he attached her ankles to the broadening fork of the frame which made up the open section of that letter Y; her ankles together and to the base of the narrow vertical plan of that frame.

"Oh my God—what—n—now—oh have m—mercy—I can't stand any more," she whimpered, looking back as she saw him stride to the panoply at the wall and take down a 5-thonged light whipping cat; the 3-feet-long lashes were tapered and narrow, ending in pointed tips, fitted to a short thick handle.

Now, to her consternation, he approached the frame, and suddenly tilted it, so that her head was lowered to the floor. Then, moving behind her, he stood commandeering her uplifted distended thighs and buttocks, with a full view of her rasped, chafed pussy. Her panting breasts dangled on

either side of the narrow beam of this ingenious frame.

"Get ready, Myrna. When you've had enough, tell me 'Master, I am your slave, I love only to obey your every command,' " he ordered.

"Oh please—n—no m—more," she plaintively sobbed.

The cat flicked out, with a light caress, laying the five thongs gently to spread out over her still crimsoned bottomcheeks. Myrna started, lifted her scarlet tearstained face and twisted it back to implore mercy. A dozen such light flickin strokes, sensitizing her flesh but not striping it really painfully, had all her nerves influx and her body vibrated spasmodically beyond her control. To see her for the first time thus was to believe her palpitating with fierce feline desire to be loved . . . and now, he knew, the supreme moment was imminent: her capitulation.

The cat swung up, hovered, then flicked out—between her straddled thighs, whisking right into her exacerbated cunt. Myrna's body jerked and threshed, and wild sobs burst from her. A second flick, a third—

"EACHHAYAYAYEEEEEEAHAAHRR. OH MY GOD, LASTER, I'M YOUR SLAVE, I LOVE ONLY TO OBEY WHATEVER YOU WANT ME TO DO!" she shrieked.

He chuckled. "That's not quite the formula, but I'll accept it." He moved round, squatted down before her congested, teardrenched face, and opened his slacks to liberate his violently turgid manhood. "To prove your sincerity, slave, solace me now with your mouth—or else, the cat!" he hoarsely urged. As she saw him lift the whip above her, Myrna Gentry closed her eyes and with a violent shudder, opened her mouth, closed it docilely over his maleness, and began, at his directions—accompanied with flicks of the cat—to pay her master homage. . . .

She is Mrs. Jack Brandon now, and he controls her inheritance, and with her own eager authorization. And when she pleases him and he asks her what reward a lovely slave-bitch-wife deserves, Myrna lowers her thick lashes, blushes hotly, then faintly stammers, "Pl—please—m—master . . . I . . . I feel I'm getting too arrogant again, please won't you take me downstairs and discipline me with bondage . . . and make it long and cruel as you can, I need it so!"

THE END—OR RATHER,
THE BEGINNING

NEW MOVIES!

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